

NO. 1

The Daily News.

**HARRY COVERDALE'S
COURTSHIP.**

As he spoke a tall figure rose from behind the bushes whence the shot had proceeded, and, whistling to the dog, took the rabbit from him, and put it in the pocket of a voluminous skirted shooting jacket.

"And a cool hand he seems too," returned Corvidale, scowling at the delinquent, who stood quietly reloading his gun, as though he were "monarch of all he surveyed"—"however, in not going to lose my temper about it; it's a great object with me, just now, to conciliate all the neighboring farmers."

"*Tout au contraire,*" was the reply, "I mean to put a stop once for all upon such practices; but there is a better way of managing these matters."

"Don't be a week about it, that's—come to the point at once, there's good fellow, for I want to knock over another rabbit or two before my cephalus arrives," rejoined Hazle-

Thus urged, Coverdale advanced towards the stranger, and slightly raising his wide-awake as he approached him, said with an air of Andersonian politeness, "Mr. Styles, resume?"

"What's yours?" was the unceremonious reply.

"He does not know me, thought I; now for astonishing him a little!" "My name, sir, is—ah!—Henry Coverdale, of Coverdale Park, at your service." He paused to

Ha! I thought so, he is—
confound the scoundrel! I do
see he is laughing—he can't have
understood me—"My name is Cover-
dale, I say sir."
Well then, Mr. Coverdale, if that's
your name, the answer is—

Overdale could scarcely believe
ers; however, he contrived by a

effort to subdue his rising passion as he answered; "If, as I imagine, you are the son of Farmer Wild Acre, you must be, sir, that the farm your father is *my* property, and that those you are shooting are *my* rabbits."

"I must, therefore, trouble you
and over the one you have just
and to abstain from blood-
ore, except on any occasion
I may invite you to join me, or
I will give you permission."

at when I want a day's rabbit-
means to take it, whether you
or whether you doesn't. Why
Admiral never said a word
; but he was something like a
man, he was!" was the surly

"I" was the reply, as spring-
ily forward. "I" was the

back of his open hand, that
nearly felled—recovered
with difficulty, and held
his injured jaw, he
with an oath, "—you lie
for the confounded cause!"

the heartiest thrashing ever in your life." "I've got one yourself," replied the fellow thoroughly roused; "but I'm not at all inclined that way; I won't disturb myself about the gams; I'll discharge your's, I and my

ing a charge or two of powder
as he spoke he fired both
the air. Styles paused a
to assure himself that no
was contemplated, and
charged his gun also, while
st. having glanced at his

an expression of the deep-
shment, hastened to follow
ple. At this moment the
a horse's hoofs was heard.

